

The Bell Ringer

Vol. 32, No. 5

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

May, 1976

Girls at MBA?

**Opinions differ,
questions abound**

By Bill Collins

When the idea of bringing girls to the Hill was first mentioned this spring, reactions were mixed. Alumni both blessed and blustered with shocked indignation at the danger to MBA's male sanctity.

Meanwhile, a four-man committee appointed by the Board of Trust has begun a study to report on their evaluation of the proposals next year. Headed by Mr. Henry Hooker, the members will consider the potential impact on the school, including the conclusions of other institutions in the eastern part of the country. Weighing their similarity to MBA, the reports of those twenty schools will help in investigating the financial implications (such as fund raising for new facilities), curriculum changes, personnel additions, experiences with admitting girls of other private schools, and the impact that MBA's change will have on preparatory schools in this area.

Girls would probably coexist with boys in either of two situations: coordinate or coeducational. Under the former plan, separate but equivalent classrooms, labs, and gym facilities would be built for the girls, in essence forming two campuses which would be linked by common eating areas and inter-

change for extracurricular activities. Coeducation would also require expansion of the physical plant, but would merge both sexes in the same classes.

Several conditions are affixed to both plans: male enrollment would probably not be sliced significantly (if at all), and the girls would appear only in the upper grades, perhaps starting at the sophomore level. The Administration would, for the coordinate proposal, create a controlling body for the female MBA though remaining closely integrated.

Bringing students of the opposite sex would require both much time and a seven-digit money supply. Presumably, there are enough interested parties who like the proposals to contribute substantially. Almost all of these funds would be for constructing new buildings which might well be fitted on the hillside facing West End in front of MBA, forming a quadrangle architecturally compatible with the library and the Ball Building. More parking space could fit next to the creek at the bottom.

Department heads of the faculty have indicated a tangible willingness to teach both girls and boys. Mr. Carter has expressed interest in the plan for coordination of



Two of the girls who presently attend MBA plan a lab experiment. Most feel their presence contributes to the class.

the upper grades, despite the impression given by a Nashville paper that he would never allow transgression of the traditional all-male character. On the contrary, MBA has several high school classes currently incorporating girls from surrounding private schools such as Harpeth Hall.

Initially, erroneous rumors prospered and bombarded Mr. Carter. After a meeting of the Board, the gravity of the proposition became apparent, and the faculty and student body soon formulated their varied considerations of what impacted the transition would have.

To sample student opinion, I interviewed individuals at random to determine their feelings toward the transmutation to a linked Hill. Diametrically opposed views indi-

cate a lack of homogeneity of sentiment. A certain vacuum of fact and a blurring of the two proposals into a mélange characterized simply by the presence of girls tinged the results.

Life after graduation provided primary rationale.

"The purpose of this school is to prepare us for college and our life, neither of which is all male."

"Students are losing touch with reality."

"The world has both girls and boys."

There is also the impulse to associate intellectually and socially on a far more frequent basis than currently.

"I feel here at MBA we have a biased opinion of girls and that in the coordinate system we would get to know girls' points of view. We would feel they were people."

"I think it's a more natural environment."

Impulses of a different nature were also expressed.

"We would have a better time in school; we could be around girls."

"Many MBA students have been stymied since there are no girls around."

"We need to have girl friends; they're not on campus."

The economics of admitting female students elicited different responses for the change.

"Once they could get it to work, it would modernize the school and make it more acceptable to the community."

"I believe it's economically very feasible because MBA will be forced out of business if it doesn't introduce girls."

"It will probably improve MBA's economic situation: a lot more alumni."

Impact upon the classroom is considered both negligible and negative.

"Females do not detract from studies."

"I don't think you should have it; everyone would be looking at girls."

There were also reservations concerning the cogency of student opinion.

"Everyone regards the idea as, 'Oh boy, this would be great!' Most of the answers people give are pretty stock; that's their quick answer. They approve and then they come with reasons. A lot of people say right away, 'That would change MBA, no!' or, 'That would be great, yes!'"

This evaluation of support for the proposals reflects my own experience. Many of the respondents of the interview quickly replied favorably to incorporating girls at MBA and then requested that I cease recording while they thought of reasons for their affirmation.

Nonetheless, some of the spontaneity reveals some positive experience with girls in a physics class and several art groups which have included them for several years. Dr. Crowell, head of MBA's science department, teaches that physics class.

"They're just other students. No difference. I don't see any difficulties with it."

Mrs. LeQuire commends the female presence.

"The girls in my art classes have stimulated the boys to do better work, to be more creative. I just think it makes a happier atmosphere. They really behave, in a way, better because the girls are here. They criticize each other's work; they contribute to their plans; and they work on plans together. The exchange is just perfect. I believe in it."

Division of opinion among the alumni, who have entered college and community during MBA's once monolithic male tradition, indicate serious disagreement involving the positive and negative effects that a lack of girls here has had on their life. The letters from supporters and detractors of the two proposals reveal a complexity of the female admissions policy that will require much time to analyze.



Girls' presence is already felt on the Hill in the form of the annual MBA-Harpeth Hall tug-of-war.

Students offer reflections on year

Spinning coin starts to tilt

By Brion Friedman

Side 1: "Welcome my son. Welcome to The Machine. Where have you been? That's alright we know where you've been!"

The Hill stifles one's freedom. One must always account for his actions. Sign out for the library. Get notes for absences. Stand up for guests. Sit in assigned seats. Always be on time for assemblies. Participate in required athletics. Forever uphold the "almighty" MBA image.

"Welcome my son. Welcome to The Machine. What did you dream? That's alright we know what you dreamed!"

Creativity is a dead issue on the Hill. No one is allowed to think for himself. Regurgitate the notes given lectures. Expound on ideas given only in class. Learn only the classical college-bound courses. Conform to the rigorous, stilted plan of a theme.

Yes, the Hill is The Machine, turning out only obedient and sterile robots. It sucks young boys up, molds their minds and bodies, and sends them out to become useful and successful tools in a cold, insensitive society. This is how I see MBA—The Big Red Machine—from behind younger blood-shot eyes.

Side 2: "On the lazy water-meadow, I lay me down. Basking in the sunshine by a bygone afternoon, Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city room."

Looking back, the Hill is a place of great joy and happiness. One may have the best time of his life

here. Lunch period talks. Walks between classes. Trips to athletic contests. Quiet periods on the benches. Chats with teachers on a human level. Friday night football games. Studies in the library. Participation in sports. Involvement with organizations. A sense of accomplishment. The friends one meets and remembers.

"Hear the lark harken to the barking of the dog-gone fox to ground.

See the splashing of the kingfisher gliding through the water;

And a river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees

Laughing as it passes through the summer making for the sea."

The Hill offers unlimited opportunities to those smart enough to recognize them. One can do much at MBA if he has the desire. Joins organizations. Run for offices. Compete in athletics. Make the privilege list. Create art or literature. Be a leader. Discover someone new. Strive to know oneself.

Yes, the Hill is a paradise to one who will accept the possibilities and opportunities he is offered. It helps one to develop into a mature, responsible, and functioning person who can achieve what ever he desires. This is how I view MBA, through older blood-shot eyes.

Two sides of a spinning coin. Every boy here will decide on one in the end. I have seen and felt both, and these opposite points of view create the MBA that I have lived through for six years. Neither one is right; neither one is wrong. It is for every boy to decide which

way he will fall. I, myself, am still spinning, but starting to tilt as my stay grows to an end.

Motives for track remain mystery

By Ike Simon

Why do a certain number of MBA students decide to get together each spring and run track? What's the purpose? What's the use? From the standpoint of the school, I guess an appropriate report would include something about how such participation looks good on one's record, and that track helps to "round out" the sought-after MBA ideal of being "a gentleman, scholar, and athlete."

But even in spite of this worthy goal, is it worth the daily winter jogs to Krispy Kreme before the season begins, the fifteen hill-sprints, the knee-extensions, the baton exchanges and the coach's disgusted look when you missed one, the shin splints (Oh God! the shin splints!), the feverish search for a rock right before practice, and the Ben-Gay (no pun intended)? Is it worth the quarter-inch spikes and the twenty-eight dollar shoes which are attached to them, lane ten, the starting gun

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Unsung heroes deserve praise

By Jerry Patterson

In lieu of commenting on any current issues of conflict or debate concerning Montgomery Bell Academy, I have decided to give some belated praise where it is undoubtedly due—to the individuals whose services to MBA are often overlooked or taken for granted. It seems to have taken me until the ninth month of my sixth year on the Hill to take the time to appreciate the work and effort spent by some on the student's behalf.

First, the true unsung heroes of the school are our three secretaries—Mrs. Garriot, Mrs. McKeon, and Mrs. Liles. I cannot count the times I have gone to them to borrow money, use the phone, buy a pencil, pick up a forgotten book or gym bag, get an absentee slip, or check an application form. All these duties are performed daily during their "spare time" while they are typing, answering phone calls, and scheduling meetings for Mr. Carter. After all their services, many of us still grumble at their request to carry a note to another classroom.

The group which next comes to mind is the faculty, the majority of whom carries a double load of teaching and coaching. Their days start at 8:00 and often do not end until 6:00. Their willingness to spend extra time during their free

time never seemed to tire at the right time, the Saturday practices, the surprise of discovering that someone had thrown a worm in your hair while you were stretching, the cute little sayings on the open lockers (Mine was "Super-Jew"), or our uncanny knack for losing all but one dual meet?

My personal theory is that one runs track for the glory, if he is successful; or that one runs track to get out of eight-period study hall and to gape at the Harpeth Hall track team at the meets, if he is merely a body on the team. The track team actually should not be termed a team as such; it is merely a group of individuals.

The '76 MBA Track season could be partially described as unspectacular. A variety of impediments may have taken their toll: late-night themes, a lack of natural cadence, the inadequacy of the MBA Memorial Track and Field Pavilion, or whatever. The fact remains that the MBA thin-clads could salvage only one dual

periods to help a confused student is only one of the many indications of their dedication to the school. Their variety of backgrounds and diversity of opinions add a more open, universal opportunity for learning.

MBA, like all institutions, has its

faults, but its strength lies in its administrators and also its students. Long after the memories of numbers, phrases, and dates have been permanently forgotten, one memory of MBA will make a lasting impression—the acquaintances made here.

Inner peace ends intolerance

By Oman Weiland

While reflecting on my time at MBA, I have noticed what seems to be a major problem. Intolerance on the Hill assumes many forms. There always seem to be automatic complaints about themes, outside books to be read, and "unfair" extra work. I often hear, too, about the "freaks" and the "rednecks" or the "certins." Why can't students sit quietly through an assembly they aren't terribly interested in? Maybe it's because nobody can tolerate anything different from what they have been conditioned to accept as "good" (either by home, friends, or any other influence).

The problem of intolerance seems to be a really serious situation. Intolerance toward anyone can drive him to become callous and indifferent to those around him as a reflex to the intolerance toward his actions, ideas, etc. Plus, if someone feels his ideas or self is rejected irrationally, he tends to isolate himself from the surround-

ings to protect against further pains

of the intolerance around him.

He becomes a Wakefield, "exposing himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever."

Worst of all, intolerance spawns more of itself.

When someone is rejected for no reason, won't he do the same in retaliation?

It really seems that there needs to be a suggestion for solving the problem. Perhaps, if people could obtain some kind of reserved, inner peace about themselves, they could then begin to understand and respect other people and their ways and ideas. An effort to accept oneself as he really is can lead to love for himself and others. It will take work and there will be many regressions, but the attempt will make it worthwhile. For myself, I have found a knowledge of Christ, and his love and forgiveness can lead to personal acceptance and joy which, in turn, can lead to a tolerance which seems to be so lacking in the world around us.

Student-faculty relations improve

By Brad Hooker

Student behavior seems to be influenced by intensity of academic pressure, strict discipline, and the student-faculty relationship. This last area is tied closely, naturally, to the personalities of student body leaders and their interaction with Mr. Carter and his employees. A student leader such as Entrekin, however fearless, is to be respected for his courage in standing up and sincerely representing the students' desires. Elam called for a spirit of cooperation in reigning against what he called the "infamous '73 Council." Interestingly, he was in that very group, as was Jimmy Chandler, one of the most loyal and respected students ever. Scantlebury was very effective in instituting his programs, and, more importantly, in cultivating a good relationship with Mr. Carter.

Maybe we have entered a new era in Student Council-Headmaster relationships. On the whole, Mr. Carter was very cooperative in assisting many student-initiated plans, especially the exchanges with Harpeth Hall and Peabody, not to mention the tug-of-war; and he was even receptive to review of de-

merit cases and special problems. I don't really know if he was just happier this year, or if, for some reason, the Student Council was fortunate in that most of our ideas seemed more constructive to him. Nevertheless, a period of true respect between Mr. Carter and the student body leaders has evolved over the past couple of years, and, hopefully, this attitude will continue in the future. More responsibility has been given the President of the Student Council, and all students should rejoice over this development.

This year our students had some fine leaders and incredibly hard workers in Freddy McLaughlin and Brion Friedman. In fact, the class officers seemed to be more involved in more different activities than in the past four or five years. This concept is best exemplified by sports, chorus and the Service Club. Seven out of eight senior class officers earned a varsity letter this year; seven out of the same eight were in the Service Club. Remember that this very group of eight, who are so active, recommended that the Junior season off be reinstated.

Viewpoints

Can the federal government ensure civil rights?

From the Left

By Ben Cohen

In the mid-1950's the Supreme Court under the leadership of the late Earl Warren initiated a new era in civil rights in the United States by a series of landmark decisions. Using new interpretations of the Constitution in conjunction with certain long-ignored laws on race relations dating back to the Civil War period, the Court struck down a host of state and Federal provisions institutionalizing racism and gave new impetus to demands that the Federal government enforce a policy of equal opportunity, i.e., the prohibition by law of statutes or practices in housing, employment, treatment before the law, etc., based on an "arbitrary discriminatory standard"—in this case, race.

The Federal Government would open the "doors" closed by law and custom for centuries and ensure for blacks—and eventually for all other minorities—the same treatment that had been received for centuries by the ruling majority.

Much was accomplished. Unfortunately, these morally significant rulings were proved, almost immediately, to be inadequate to retain their task.

Most reformers of the 1950's postulated that if the legal and social restrictions on blacks were removed, then after a reasonable period of time blacks would advance to the position of the majority, and equality would become a reality. Yet even a cursory glance at American society suffices to discredit this view.

To use the same metaphor as before, the 1950's laws and rulings had opened the door of the black's cell, and he had been stunned and angered by the fabulous wealth he saw; but he was still encased solidly in the chains forced on him for centuries by the hatred of his neighbors, the enforced ignorance, hunger, and fear. Supreme Court rulings did nothing to rid the blacks of these, the parting gifts of the South to her ex-slaves. Understandably, the blacks were furious, and their fury had no outlet but the destructive riots of April 1965.

One month later, President Johnson signed the first major social legislation of The "Great Society," which was to become a sweeping new strategy for combatting poverty and racism. Great Society, as envisioned by Johnson, was to contain the one crucial provision lacking previously, that of remedial assistance. Since blacks had been purposefully deprived of their rights for decades, they were to undergo, in a few years, the progress of their fellow citizens in one hundred years, and not unnaturally, they would require assistance.

Thus, Headstart, the Office of Economic Assistance, and dozens of other special agencies were created, each with a specific area of aid to the underprivileged in general and minorities in particular. By 1968, barely three years later, these well-intended projects had been a major cause of the defeat of the liberal Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey in that year's election. By 1971 the OEO had been abolished and the remainder of Great Society gutted amid growing demands for further purges of

benefits for the shiftless poor. What had gone wrong?

This time the basic idea could not be faulted. Scores of studies had shown that the remedial aid was both necessary and effective. The problem was exemplified by the President who attempted to implement these policies. Lyndon Johnson was basically a generous man. He was perfectly willing, as were most Americans, to pay for this remedial work, but he, and the public, did not foresee the costs.

Mathematically, it is quite simple. If you spend 2% of the budget on 14% of the population for 100 years, a tremendous backlog of money needed develops. An administration has to divert money from defense, from highway construction, from every conceivable area, in fact, to pay for this compensation. Philosophically the issues are more complex.

When a government, with the full approval of society, does something irresponsible, it is obliged to, as soon as possible, do something to rectify that act. In such circumstances, delay compounds the irresponsibility.

The U.S. committed a horrible, shocking crime in allowing slavery to exist until 1865. Following abolition, the government should have instituted immediately vast remedial projects for decades. Instead it exacted slovenly vengeance for 12 years and then left the blacks to shift for themselves for almost a century, an act of stupefying irresponsibility. Abuses were compounded; and so, in 1965, when society began to attempt to repair the damage, the costs were huge. HEW budgets grew enormously. Worse, the majority began to experience what the blacks had suffered for years—poor schools, undesirable housing nearby, unsafe streets. And the majority howled to high heaven.

Richard Nixon was elected in 1968 and 1972 to axe social programs, and axe them he did, post-haste. Now we moan pitifully about the suffering of workers deprived of seniority and about the quality of public schools, comfortably forgetting 100 years of unrelenting horror for the blacks; and, more damagingly, we have attempted to turn back the clock to the 1950's with noble rhetoric about open doors and, more importantly, consistent inaction.

What we have apparently forgotten is the smoldering hatred gathering in our cities while we doze, just as the policy makers of the 1950's did.

From the Right

By Andy May

"If the apples will not remain on the tree of their own strength, if they are worm-eaten at the core, if they are early ripe and disposed to fall, let them fall! And if the Negro cannot stand on his own legs, let him fall also."

If we are to believe Mr. Cohen's dictum, then the only person who could have spoken these words would be some cross-burning Ku Klux Klansman out to keep the Negroes in their proper place. In point of fact, the quotation originates from one of the last century's most eloquent spokesmen for abo-

lition of slavery and civil rights for blacks, Frederick Douglass. Clearly, retroactive seniority and reverse discrimination in hiring and admission policy were not part of his program for the creation of equality between the black man and the white.

Plainly, the problem encountered in a discussion of affirmative action programs is point of view. Mr. Cohen takes the viewpoint of the society as a whole, while ignoring the plight of the individual. Even in this limited light, he makes a major omission, for he fails to account for the effect that his plans will have on the white man's conception of the black.

If a society is to achieve true equality among races, then that equality must far transcend the bonds of wages and education. The people of all races must believe in the equal value of all men. Clearly, this perceived equality cannot be achieved through government sponsored programs; in fact, the placement of underqualified blacks in high visible situations is an invitation to racism.

What do you expect, after all, from a man who is replaced by a black of inferior ability? The memory of a wronged individual or group can be very long; the South still resents the carpet-bagging Northerners who tried to upset the Dixie tradition of white supremacy.

There is no more effective way to foster continued hatred and resentment than to persist in indifference. If the white man's picture of the black man is that of an unqualified individual being pushed by force of federal law into the white man's own job, then real equality can never be achieved, for bitterness will always remain.

Affirmative action degrades the black man as well as the white, because it tells the world, in effect, that he is incapable of getting a job or receiving college entrance on his own merits. The idea that one does a man a favor by placing him in a position that he is not prepared to handle is truly bizarre. Real equality, as Frederick Douglass understood it, can be achieved only when race is not an issue; when a per-

son can be judged for his own talents, not on the basis of his color. Quota systems and affirmative action plans perpetuate racial distinctions in an intolerable manner because, basically, they are discriminatory, not against blacks, but against whites. This reverse discrimination may serve the short term end of economic equalization, but in the long run it can only extend the racially oriented attitudes of both blacks and whites.

Equality for all races is a goal unsurpassed in importance. If "all men" were indeed "created equal," then our society must observe this fact and make it legally binding. However, Mr. Cohen's great historical thesis of discrimination followed by reverse discrimination is self-defeating, for it only serves to reinforce the prejudices and stereotypes that make real equality impossible. Frederick Douglass had the right idea; the black is capable of shaping his own future in this society. If he does not, then the federal government's programs of affirmative action cannot make a future for him.

Gluttony creates sensual vortex

By Ben Cohen

"That wretched, damnable vice, alone among all others, contains no particle whatever of higher feeling, but is purely fleshly. It alone makes one a monster, not only to his conscience, but in the sight of his fellowmen. It is damnable, disgusting, corrupt, and iniquitous."

The Koran

All that and much, much more. But in addition, friends, gluttony is fun, and if you doubt it, you should make a pilgrimage to a cafeteria I visited a while ago that promises all the seafood you can eat for a certain price. (Not modest, this price, but the managers have to play it safe, since you never know when some slob will walk in and wreak havoc.) All things considered, though, between the food and the spectacle it was well worth the money. Bread and circuses. Because while piggyback may be disgusting, wicked, and accursed, it is still very much with us, as the visitor to this emporium can readily observe.

It's located in a large mall, with

its own large neon promise of plenty. If you can arrive at opening time, 6:00 P.M., you can even stay until 11, five hours with nothing between you, your stomach, and your fate except rising piles of shells. Naturally, you hurry on in, passing a dingy door, a small corridor, and a really filthy self-playing organ. You then find a seat and are offered drinks by the head waitress, a tall thin woman with brilliant red nails and lips. Recognizing that you have come here to feed only you, usually refuse and get right down to business by going over to the buffet table and grabbing a plate.

Picture the scene before you. A thirty-five or forty-five-foot-long table heaped with piles of food, and these are only the cold dishes. Over you is a large dome of multi-colored glass, the light fixture, which throws its garish red, yellow, and green light on all the goodies.

On the oysters on the half-shell and the boiled shrimp and the cocktail sauce. On the two kinds of lox (not to mention that in sour cream) and the bagels. On the six-foot by six-foot salad bar and the smoked oyster and ("to freshen the palate") some watermelon and strawberries and pineapple. Naturally you load up.

But the fun is only beginning. Now you can observe your peers. They seem divided almost evenly between the newcomers and the habitués, who can easily be told apart because (though everyone is absorbed) the newcomers are terribly excited. When someone spills something on himself, you can be sure he's a newcomer. Both groups share a solemn, almost religious silence, broken only by the patrons depositing shells and other debris into handy plastic buckets. The room is large enough, than God, so that you can't hear them chew. Finished so soon? Be patient.

"Through, sir?" And how. A short, plump woman empties the bucket and removes the utensils from your plate for you, and then bears the plate off in triumph. You rise and take a new plate, and presumably attack the cold section again, the first of many such assaults. The organ begins playing Easy Listening Music with a mournful sigh. By the time it has

finished what seem like the complete works of the late Jim Reeves you're ready for the hot foods, but at this point there's a small line.

Hmmm . . . crab legs, shrimp cooked in garlic sauce, clams, gumbo, rice. If only that slob with the white patent-leather would move it, you could get at this stuff. The above-named, however, seems more intent on the crab legs than most, and regards them with a calculating eye while swaying his whole body to the music of the organ. Stupid redneck.

But at this point your musings are interrupted by the waiter in charge of this area, a poorly-dressed black youth who has the singular virtue (singular in this place) of being gaunt, almost emaciated, in fact. Rats. As you brace yourself for the assault of your tender conscience you silently curse the management for its stupidity. Really. Anyone would have better sense.

The woman in the sequined dress in front of you (at least she's not thin) has grown tired of waiting and impatiently jogs her tray. A large cup of melted butter cascades down the front of her dress, to the general amusement. Everyone grins and, indeed, not even she can stay angry for long. She is being drawn into a vortex of melted butter and crabs, along with you, your fellow diners, and the world.

THE BELL RINGER

Co-Editors-in-Chief Justin Milam

News Editor Jerry Patterson

Ken Witt

Features Editor Ben May

Scott Englert

Business Manager Tim Kurtz

Photography Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Armour, Ben Cohen, Bill Collins, Trip Doss, Brion Friedman, Brad Hooker, Kevin Mallory, Andy May, Steve Parman, Ike Simon, Oman Weiland, Carter Williams, and Steve Zager.

Attic probe highlighted by fading, embalmed George

By Bill Collins

Beyond the Crow's Nest in the Ball Building the staircase ends in a padlocked door. What lies behind it is an attic. This enormous wooden cavern contains a lot more than mildewed wooden chairs.

Guided by Mr. Carter, I ventured through the portal for a comprehensive tour. Mounted opposite the door is a limp cardboard sign with "No Smoking" in magic marker; I suppose that this warning is intended only for the staff. Nevertheless, there is a plump red extinguisher mounted on the wall. Between the close-set boards ooze big patties of yellowed cement; the attic is entirely of inflammable wood with high rafters and rows of uprights separating it into three sections.

Under the eves of the first part were big, white lamp covers like glass mushrooms. There is no real need for them, but Mr. Carter noted, "you might feel this is strange—knowing me by nature, I never throw anything away." A small herd of robust silver Spaghetti Supper cans congregated near a soap-white sink set from the labs with plumbing too queasy for acid. A long mold green canopy lay nearby.

"Mr. Ball used to have it hanging over one end of the building because he lived in it. And up here is where John Ball lived with no heat and a couple of light bulbs."

After the school's old house burned, the attic was this former headmaster's home, with air conditioning natural for a storage room: wall-to-wall chills and stuffiness.

In one corner old awards and plaques lay hiding under boxes and spilling onto the floor. The cartons contained plastic chair backs: "these are the things that you all would keep breaking off in study hall." A ping-pong table protruded from the stack.

The seventh and eighth graders used to love to have dances and when we had dances we'd get this up in the trophy room, and we had a tournament. And Mr. Novak and Mrs. Carter used to win the tennis tournaments."

Metal filing cabinets were lined against the partition of boards. Stacks of old, peeling ledgers and mounds of ancient, multicolored bills were in musty profusion on top and dribbled about the floor. The secretaries intermittently file these statements, filling several drawers per year. Next to the work piles was a heap of dark brown paper clips from decades of papers

which were lying shredded in fluttering profusion in cardboard boxes.

In the second section was a monstrous glass-fronted wooden bureau cluttered with cherubs that used to be in the gymnasium. Cans of cheerleader's paint and stacked football films from before 1965 were clustered against the walls. Near to some low library tables that were apparently intended for dachshunds lay a pair of horse shoes. Mr. Carter hefted one of them and commented, "Of course I think it's great exercise. Feel the weight of that." The big piece of metal was broad, thick, and quite heavy.

Glistening under plastic wrapping were helmets and jerseys near several new yardage markers. Opposite from the window that they lay under was a big, graying painting of George Washington at least five feet tall. "It's covered with dirt" was an understatement; "I have no idea whether it has any value or not" was a rhetorical question. Fading George was vaguely colored on a felt-like canvas positively crawling with the most aggressive grit I have ever encountered. The president was unflattering depicted in *rigor mortis* with a complexion blotched oddly



Washington's portrait surveys its attic domain through a layer of grime.

white. Next to this horrific portrait was the picture of the architectural firm's conception of the gym before it was built. Amorphous lime-green cars of the 1950's were parked in front; on the walks triangular students properly attired with tubular brown trousers and emblazoned coats trotted or passed footballs. Bright green sunlight suffused golden trees, and the grass was as smooth and green as a tennis court. An anonymous white neo-classical statue was seated staring into space in front, seemingly frozen while exhorting the lawn to vigorously

participate in athletic endeavors. Regardless of what is saved, the attic "makes a great storage space . . . we save things pretty well up here." Hoards of foraging wasps don't make their residence in the rafters, allowing retrieval of wood, flat chairs, or window frames to be no more difficult than finding them: "We haven't had any trouble now, at least that I know of." But then again, there would be some advantages to be gained by letting a few voracious insects picnic on some paraphernalia such as the painting of embalmed George. . . .

Merit Scholars provide perspective on school

By Ben Cohen

An unusually large number of MBA seniors are Merit Scholars this year, and *The Bell Ringer* staff felt that the perspective of these people on the school would be interesting. Accordingly, Ken Witt, Oman Weiland, Charles Weesner, Trip Doss, Charles Elliott, and John Rebrovick were interviewed separately or in groups about their experiences at MBA in the past and where they felt the school is going in the future. Their responses showed wide divergences in some areas and striking similarities in others.

All the students seemed to have a basically positive attitude toward

MBA; most, however, had fairly serious complaints about the student body or the school administration. First, the sports program was mentioned. Most of the students felt that there was too great an emphasis on sports, and that this emphasis was unnecessary. Ken Witt, for example, related the program to his own experience: "Personally I like sports, and I don't mind giving up so much time to participate in them, but I can see how sports are just a complete waste of time for many, many people. The state requirements in sports are nowhere near as stringent as the MBA requirements." John Rebrovick added, "They (sports and

academics) are too evenly emphasized. The emphasis on academics should continue as it is. Sports should be deemphasized to allow time for extracurriculars."

Most of those questioned agreed that sports did in fact heavily into the time they had for extracurricular activities. Trip Doss suggested, "If you're going to have a babysitting service, you could have people working on the annual or whatever their activity is"; and Charles Weesner agreed: "The time used for sports could be used for other extracurriculars." At the same time, Trip and several others conceded that there would be severe difficulties with any extra-

curricular programs: "It's hard to participate in extracurricular activities even when they're there if you don't have the time to do them because of your other courses."

Another problem both for extracurricular activities and academics is the small size of the school, which most students thought severely limited experiments. One point on which Mr. Carter is correct is that a larger student body is needed for a more diversified program," John Rebrovick stated. While some regretted this limitation, others felt that the school's classical curriculum had been a help. When asked what had aided him in becoming a Merit Scholar, for example, Oman Weiland replied, "Obviously, the basic fundamental stuff—the push for Word Wealth, for example. When you get to college you really begin diversifying," he added, "so I really don't think it (MBA) needs to be more diversified to a really great extent." Although other students complained about, among other things, the Latin requirements and the 12-week courses, in general, they agreed with Charles Weesner's comment that "if you're preparing for college, MBA is really excellent."

The people interviewed were almost uniformly concerned about the character of the student body, as their comments show clearly. Oman Weiland, for example, discussed the students' intolerance: "That's one major problem I see around here—people can't tolerate differences in other people. It just seems that people can't accept other people for what they are. This is probably the worst year of intolerance of student for student that I can remember; and that's not in the system, it's in the people." John Rebrovick agreed: "MBA students are not encouraged to seek out people of other backgrounds, and in consequence there is a great deal of racial and religious bigotry at MBA," to which Charles Elliott added, "I know from my personal experience that at MBA you have no contact with people from other backgrounds."

Partially because of this circumstance, many of those interviewed complained of being "stifled" by the administration, the student body, and the curriculum. Nevertheless, several students felt that there had been a marked improvement in school atmosphere since 1973. John Rebrovick commented, "I think 1973 was a very significant year. That year saw the evolution of a languid and apathetic student body into one sensitive to the oppression that an institution can either purposefully or inadvertently develop over the years by too great a reliance on tradition." Other students, however, saw the growth of greater student liberties as an evolutionary process: "The change would have come about whether the class of 1973 had existed or not. They should not have viewed Mr. Carter as an adversary," said Ken Witt.

Whatever the reason for this freedom, the students interviewed were pleased with it and looked forward to its gradual growth in future years. In other areas, all the students saw coordination as probable in the near future, and several thought coordination was likely. They foresaw no basic changes, however, in the curriculum, the student council, or the school journals. In general, all the students were satisfied with their years at MBA and foresaw the future as a time of steady improvement.



Elliott, Weiland, Rebrovick, Weesner, and Witt discuss the past and future direction of MBA.

Swedish exchange student evaluates year

By Steve Parman

Mats Nordquist, an MBA exchange student from Sweden, has formulated some rather definitive opinions on MBA and the United States during his stay here. Mats came to MBA from his home in Ostersund, Sweden, under the auspices of the International Cultural Exchange.

He says of MBA: "When I came here, I was really impressed. I didn't know that much about school, but I came to see Mr. Carter before school started and he showed me around, took me down to the library. I was really impressed with the library. I didn't like it as much at the start as I did later on." Typically (for an MBA student, at any rate), Mats says, "Right now I sort of want to get out of school."

In comparing MBA to Swedish schools, Mats observes, "It (MBA) is a little bit stricter. It really depends on what school you go to. The main difference is MBA is a private school, and we have only

a few private schools. About five private schools in the whole of Sweden." He adds that all schools in Sweden are coeducational.

Further, Swedish schools utilize a very different schedule and curriculum. "It's pretty much different. I take four courses here—history, biology, math and English. At home we have ten to fifteen courses a year and we go on a week schedule instead of a day schedule. Every week is the same, but the different days of the week are different." That ten to fifteen course schedule includes "just about everything . . . two courses in Swedish, English, French, and German; math, chemistry, physics, biology. You have science and different kinds of history."

"We have much more freedom in our schools—you don't have to go to study hall or anything like that if you don't have class. It's like a college . . . They're really good. They are comparable to MBA."

Mats has adopted a familiar attitude toward the absence of girls

at MBA: "You get so frustrated going around all day without seeing girls. In some ways it's good, because on the weekend you have a really good time."

A member of this year's MBA soccer team, Mats says that he hadn't played soccer in Sweden because he wasn't a good enough player. However, he says that the really high-quality soccer players at MBA—"like Brion Friedman and Boyd Gibbs could play over there." Soccer and ice hockey are the primary sports in Sweden; there is no baseball or football, though Mats "played around" at basketball before coming here.

Mats provides some interesting insights into the social life of Swedish youth. He reports that "we don't really have dates. From what I've heard about California, it's pretty similar to California; people go out in groups and have a party together . . . one thing is that we can't drive until we're eighteen, and that makes some difference, I guess." Popular music in Sweden is

"about the same (as in the U.S.). We don't have so much American music; we have more English." Swedish listeners, most of whom speak English (required subject matter from age 11), take a long time to figure out English lyrics.

"You don't get it the first time; but you don't get it the first time over there either."

Perhaps an inevitable question for Mats is whether he prefers Sweden or the U.S. He replied, "I would like Sweden more, because it's my home country; that's where I was born." Does he have a strong

sense of national pride? "No, when you get abroad, it starts growing, national pride. . . . When you live there you just find everything bad about it, but if you go around you find it's not really bad at all."

Mats was asked what were his biggest surprises both at MBA and in this country as a whole. His answer: "I guess that people were so much alike, both here and in Sweden. I thought that people would be pretty much different; but, after a while, you realize that people are the same everywhere you go."



Mats Nordquist discusses differences between Swedish and American lifestyles.

Anthony makes unique contribution

By Ben May

Every Monday and Tuesday afternoon while the average MBA student is making a contribution to athletics, Mike Anthony is making his own unique contribution to society. Anthony devotes several hours of his time during these afternoons to underprivileged children at the Melrose Dede Wallace Center.

Mike became interested in this kind of work two summers ago as a camp counselor at Montgomery Bell State Park. This camp was one where needy city kids could play and swim in a clean, unindustrial environment. Anthony was extremely excited by his relationship with these young people, and the experience influenced him immensely. Thus, the following winter, he began working at the Melrose Center.

His weekday sessions with the kids usually last for one hour and a half. The children's ages range from six to thirteen years. The kids, just coming from school, tend to be very high strung and excitable. To relieve this tension, An-

thony and the other supervisors begin each session with some kind of motor activity. This consists of physical exercise with games such as dodge ball. Once the kids have released their aggressions through this competition, they begin to work on some sort of arts and crafts project. They may paint, draw, or make models during this period of time. Yet the important thing is that they themselves decide what they want to do.

Aside from the regular sessions, Mike also devotes many of his Saturdays to these kids. Trying to stimulate both their minds and bodies, he has taken them on field trips to various parks and one time even to the Bozo Show.

In discussing the purpose of his work, Anthony stated, "We are not there to change the kids over there. These kids don't have much contact with adults who really show a true interest in them. We first try to help them in the sense that if they do have a problem they can come to us with it. They will thus get a positive suggestion as to how to handle it. Also, we try to make the child aware of the natural abilities within himself so that he further develops them on his own. We try to let them know that

they have potential by giving them the praise and attention that their parents do not have time to give at home."

Mike Anthony is both deeply motivated and inspired by his work with these young people. His unselfish devotion reflects well on himself, the community, and the school.

Weightlifting has ups and downs

By Andy May

As I work the last number in my locker combination and swing open the narrow gray door, I am struck by the intensity of the odor that is issuing forth from the mass of clothing inside. Initially, I fear the worst; surely some miserable rodent has crawled into my cubicle to die. God, how disgusting! But soon I remember that it's only my sweat socks that I've forgotten to get washed for the last two months. Greatly relieved, I slip into my JCC gym shorts and an MBA T-shirt bearing the name D. Sayers; and exuberantly trot out of the catacombs which make up the Big Red dressing room into the spring sunlight.

Another week of weights and agility is fully underway. Another week of iron pumping, of gutting it out, of leg lifts, and of listening to the artificial voice of Bill Lelleyett telling us how they do it at Vandy workouts. I doubt seriously that I shall survive.

Monday is a weight lifting day, which means that warm ups are almost nonexistent, but I cannot help noticing that a side straddle hop sounds more like a crime against nature than an exercise. We also engage in an activity called the duck walk, about which the reader may draw his own conclusions. Before setting his charges free to use and abuse the weight machine, Mr. Ridgway calls roll—always a trying ordeal. Four or five gentlemen who have been waiting outside the building in order to

avoid any unnecessary labor, now slip silently into the building to insure that their presence is recorded. As usual, the roll must be called twice, because most of the junior schoolers have forgotten to answer to their names. (Who can remember details like that after a day in seventh grade?) At long last, the workout begins in earnest, and I head for the back of the room to claim the jump rope. There are plenty to go around because not that many people really care about having bulging, athletic ankles. The real men are all waiting in line for the bench press to get ready for football next season; and don't forget the concomitant advantage of a super flex on the beach this summer. (What woman can resist?)

"Heck, I can do 180 if I bridge," says one behemoth brute in a haughty tone.

"Shoot, that ain't nothing; I can do 220; 230 on a good day," interjects a muscular mammoth. "Back in summer I did 270 down at the Cosmopolitan Spa."

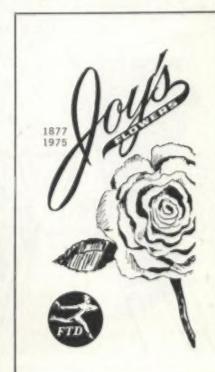
I complete my stint at the jump rope and then cower on the periphery of the weight room until the afternoon is nearly over; my para-

noia growing every minute as the dreaded wind sprints approach. I complete my last set of wrist curls, and I know that the time has come. Suddenly, Mr. Ridgway enters the room. I fear the worst; ten, maybe fifteen forty yard dashes. Instead, our gracious leader announces, "Just jog a good mile and take it on in."

My relief upon hearing these words of clemency is unparalleled. I am so overcome with happiness that I forget to run the mile. As I lower my dripping body back into the dressing room, I realize that there will be other days with their own tragedies and triumphs; but today I have survived.



Mike Anthony and his kids



Tragi-comedy enacted nightly in court

By Steve Zager
& Carter Williams

The thin black mesh separated us from the men in blue as the patrol car sped toward its ultimate destination. We knew fully well that what we had done was wrong but, as is true with most criminals, we had certainly not bargained upon our apprehension. Indeed, we were the victims of the efficiency of the police department.

As we peered through the plate glass of the whining blue and white, the unpleasant realization of the gravity of our situation struck us. Reverberating in our ears was that often heard, almost trite phrase, "You have the right to remain silent . . ." and pleasant memories of watching *Dragnet* as children faded as we sensed the irrepressible coldness of the steel manacles around our wrists.

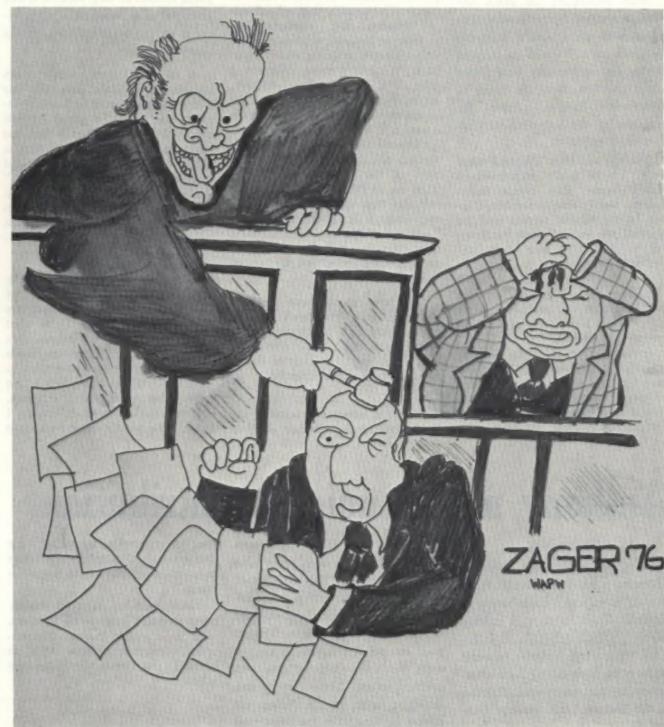
Mirror images of television's Reed and Mallow hustled us out of the squad car as a throng of curious onlookers gathered about us remarking as to the length of our hair and the shabbiness of our clothing. "What'd those two do?" a rather corpulent matron inquired of the officers, as she clutched her pocketbook tightly to her person and kept her distance. The officers merely grunted as they led us through the maze of distorted faces and heckling laughs into the bowels of the police station.

After the relatively routine procedure of fingerprinting and booking, we were escorted through a wooden door bearing the ominous inscription, NIGHT COURT. We were then thrust into a pair of creaky theater seats by our captors and told to await the arrival of the judge. The bottoms of our chairs were laden with petrified bubble gum and our shoes stuck to the Cola-stained floor, which was littered with fragments of the plaster ceiling. The faint aroma of old pork rinds and too much Aqua-Velva permeated the air, while the whisperings and speculations of

countless observers droned on incessantly. The bonding clerk reclined at the front of the room in his uninspiring J. C. Penney double-knit suit as he growled into the phone: "I got this nigger here in for DUI, third offense, \$250, y'all want him?" His dealings reminded us of the fact that we had insufficient funds to post our own bail.

A respectful hush fell over the crowd with the entrance of the judge, and the young man behind us diverted his attention from his girlfriend's left ear to the workings of our criminal justice system. Clad in a plaid blazer and a striped shirt, the judge seated himself and casually remarked, "Who's next?" seemingly unaware of the distraught Negress standing before him. The woman demanded, "I wanna have this man arrested!" On being interrogated as to the man's identity, she replied: "Well, he's twenty years old, and he been takin' out my little daughter who's just turnin' sixteen. Four days ago, last Friday, they said they was gonna go down the street a couple o' houses to this party." "What's the matter with that?" the judge questioned. "I ain't seen 'em since, and I want to see dis man arrested!" A warrant was promptly issued charging the young man with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. The night court regulars, those faithful souls who come downtown every week for entertainment, snickered, for they knew that this woman returned regularly with the same complaint.

As the case of the Friday night seduction ended, we were jerked from our seats by the arresting officers, and brought before the judge (who we learned later was only a commissioner). Our attempt to explain our situation rationally was repetitively interrupted by questions relating to our dress and to the nature of our upbringing. Finally, the judge found the probable cause necessary to bind us over for trial, and he instructed our friend in the double-knits to settle for no



less than \$500 apiece in bail. The bonding clerk promptly lifted the phone, checked his rotation sheet, and dialed. "We got us two hoodlums here, don't know whether they're housebroken (roar of laughter from the audience). You want 'em?"

Upon an affirmative answer on the other end, we were taken to a detention room to await the arrival of the bondsmen. Suddenly, a massive gentleman, sporting a straw hat and smiling with tobacco stained teeth, burst through the doors. In a heavy drawl, he spit out, "You boys want bond, you better have something to put up as collateral,

cause if y'all jump out on me, I'll skin you alive." Unaware of the nature of bonding, having never before gone through the ordeal of an arrest, we asked for further explanation. "Simple enough," the giant retorted. "Y'all two gotta pay me back the five, plus a little interest on it, after you get out." We agreed to allow him to post our bond, and were subsequently freed to await trial.

As we walked past the long line of faces waiting to see the circus inside, we were reminded of a carnival midway. They had come from all parts; they were of all ages, some alone and others in

pairs. However, they had one thing in common—they had all come to chuckle at the sometimes amusing, sometimes pitiful problems of others. As we left, the monotonous drizzle of rain was pierced by the cries of one of the many drunks arraigned at Night Court each evening: "DAMMIT! AIN'T NO DAMN JUSTICE IN THIS WHOLE DAMN CITY!"

* * *

The story you have just read is essentially true, though portions of it were fabricated to protect the innocent.

Record review

Paul and Country Joe become mellow

By Ike Simon

Ever since the Beatles went their separate ways, Paul McCartney has been putting out albums with continued success. Paul and Wings have recently come out with *Wings at the Speed of Sound*, an album reminiscent of the relatively simple *Ram* album of previous years.

"Let 'Em In" maintains a steady rhythm as the bass and piano carry the song through the very simple lyrics: "Somebody's knockin' at the door, someone's ringin' a bell." "She's My Baby," the best tune on the album, features pleasing bass and organ with background electric guitar. Jimmy McCulloch

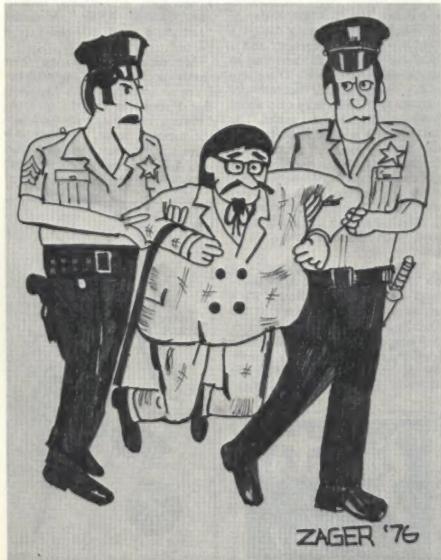
handles the vocal on "Wino-Junko," a somewhat simple song, music-wise, which describes a skid-row bum: "Wino-Junko can't say no; Wino-Junko eyes aglow."

"Silly Love Songs," currently doing very well on the Top-40 charts, is representative of the Wing's return to simpler, uncomplicated music, featuring a very outspoken bass: "Some people want to fill the world with silly love songs. What's wrong with that?" Denny Laine sings the vocal on "Time to Hide," which functions on a blend of bass and electric guitar. The slower "Must Do Something About It," sung by Joe English, is a rather pleasing cut with acoustic and bass in the foreground.

"Warm and Beautiful" is a slow and simple love song with keyboards as the only instrument.

It is apparent that Paul McCartney and Wings have undergone a transition toward a softer and simpler sound after the rather pretentious *Venus and Mars*. Possibly, the additions of Jimmy McCulloch and Joe English to Wings have helped to bring about this shift. If you are a staunch Paul McCartney follower, you might be disappointed that each member of Wings sings a song or two; nevertheless, the LP features some very fine tunes and is never overly-simplistic.

(Continued on page 9)



Marijuana: confused past, turbulent present, uncertain future

Recent findings inconclusive; recommendations mixed

By Kevin Mallory

Marijuana is a drug with a confused past, a turbulent present, and an uncertain future in this country. Practically everyone has his own opinion of what marijuana's place should be in our society. What this place is, according to the 1973 report by the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, is in the hands, homes, and heads of the 13% of our population who are regular users of the drug and of the 25% who have experimented with it. The making of laws concerning such a widespread and controversial subject is, not surprisingly, quite complicated.

To better understand the nature of marijuana use today and the changes in the laws controlling this use, one should examine the recent history of the drug in America. As shown in this quotation from the 1917 edition of *The Dispensary of the United States*, marijuana was once considered a medically useful drug, *cannabis sativa*, which, the Dispensary states "relieves pain, encourages sleep, and soothes action on the central nervous system especially in cases of mental depression, migraine, and neuralgia."

Public opinion slowly changed, so that, by the 1930's, marijuana was regarded with horror, because it was thought to cause aggressive and deviant social behavior. During the 1960's the use of marijuana spread to all classes, races, and groups. The attitude of society concerning what should be done with the marijuana user has been changed in many, if not all the states. Recently, the campaign for the decriminalization of the drug has been active in Tennessee; and the arguments from both sides are often heard.

In Tennessee, marijuana and the laws controlling it received their closest scrutiny in March of this year. At that time, two committees of the legislature issued reports to the 89th General Assembly which summarized their findings on "the effects of marijuana smoking on health and law enforcement." The majority committee, consisting of 4 Democratic senators and representatives and headed by the Hon. William J. Peeler, affirmed that, while research was still incomplete, the possible health hazards involved in using marijuana are much less severe than the effects of an arrest and conviction for its use, especially for young people. The committee advocated a relaxation of the laws and penalties.

The arguments which the majority report cites to defend their position concern both the health question and the practical law enforcement aspect. Among the many witnesses testifying before the committee was Dr. E. Kent Carter, president of the Tennessee Medical Association. Dr. Carter said that it was the official position of the AMA that, while long-range studies into the action of *cannabis* should be continued and encouraged, the

criminal penalties for the use of the drug should be reduced.

In all, the research done up to the present gives conflicting results; but it fails to show evidence that marijuana causes unusually aggressive behavior or is genetically harmful. Several experts in the field of mental health, including Dr. Ungerleiden, UCLA Professor of Psychiatry and Dr. Byrn, of Oak Ridge Mental Health Center, testified before the committee. The consensus of their reports stated that there are no adverse psychological effects caused by the drug. Aside from the medical evidence presented, the committee felt that existing marijuana laws were impractical, costly, and unsuccessful in curbing drug use.

The report by Senator Curtis Person, Jr. and Rep. Harold Sterling, the minority committee, interpreted the witness differently and came to a conclusion exactly opposite to that of the majority committee. The minority report expresses the opinion that to take action which would foster increased use in an already drug-oriented culture is wrong.

The minority committee quotes the work of Dr. Gabriel Nahas. Dr. Nahas testified before the committee that use of the drug has a harmful effect on the body's immunity system and on the DNA which determines cells' genetic makeup. Other evidence led the committee to conclude that the decriminalization of marijuana would have no significant benefits for society, while possibly producing unknown psychological reactions in part of the population. The two Republican legislators recognized the fact that the current system of preventing marijuana use was not highly effective. They urged that more effort be spent in current programs to apprehend and rehabilitate drug users.

In recent action on the marijuana issue in Tennessee the legislature defeated by one vote a prepared amendment to the current code determining penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana.

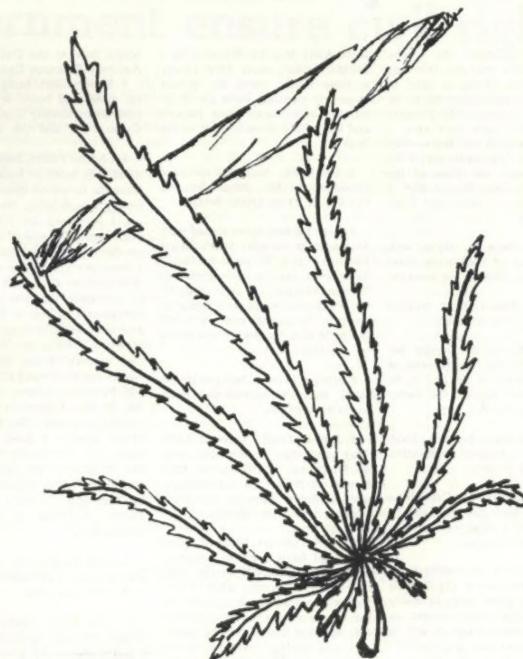
The bill was enacted by Senator Ford of Memphis. Under the amendment, possession of less than one ounce of marijuana would be a misdemeanor punishable by a \$50.00 fine, similar to a traffic ticket for a first offense. Second and third offenses would bring a fine along with imprisonment from one to ninety days, depending on the number and circumstances of the offense. It would also be possible for those convicted to be pardoned after a period of three years if no other criminal arrests occur in that period. The bill, or some form of it, is believed almost certainly to come before the next session of the legislature.

The main force behind the drive

to legalize or decriminalize marijuana is NORML (the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). According to John D. Shenk, executive director for NORML in Tennessee, the reform of the laws concerning marijuana is the logical out-growth of society's changing attitude towards the drug. "Marijuana is the center of a multi-million dollar industry operating in the United States with no supervision whatsoever." According to Shenk, a percentage of this money taken as tax on a legalized, government-supervised marijuana business would be very useful in areas such as education and health care.

Marijuana and the possibilities

for its decriminalization here in Tennessee are subjects generating great interest and no small controversy among the youth today. Although defeated in the past session, one can be sure when talking to the proponents of the change that the issue is not about to be dropped. A careful examination and justification of one's personal beliefs, whatever they are, may be necessary in the near future. For the present, however, it would be wise to remember that whether in agreement or disagreement with your own persuasions, marijuana is still very illegal here. After all, staying high this summer shouldn't be too much of a problem; you can always watch TV with your radio on.



Art exhibits enhance MBA life

By Bill Collins

"Enjoyment, pleasure, contentment," reads one label. "Touch them, hold them, pick them up," suggests another. Similar explanatory cards are attached to pottery stands throughout the balcony.

Their significance is reflective both of the artist's attitude and of MBA's continuing art exhibit program. The craftspeople enjoy the Patrick Wilson Library as a wide-appeal and lucrative gallery; the students are surrounded and subsequently accustomed to a wide spectrum of local talent. The encounters are casual, inadvertent; yet contact is virtually inevitable.

These two or three week-long events are planned in advance by the Ladies Auxiliary and Mrs. LeQuire, the MBA art director, and the result is a schedule covering a variety of media from still photo-

graphy to metal sculpture. Peabody, Clarksville, and the Nashville area possess the professional craftspeople necessary for an exhibit mutually beneficial for them and the school. More importantly, these artists are increasingly eager to use the campus library. No commission is requested, the direct person-to-person communication concerning the show results in a large attendance, and those who come are primarily interested and avid buyers.

"It's a really fine place to hold an exhibit . . . people have bought a lot of my stuff," was Cynthia Bringle's reaction to the reception for her pottery and her sister's weaving from South Carolina. She had good reason to be jubilant: over two hundred people appeared and sixty-five purchased one hundred pieces, a success which constitutes a very good turn-out.

Mrs. LeQuire, reflecting on MBA's reputation among local artists, said, "Occasionally someone will call us up and say, 'Hey, you've left me out. May I come and have a showing? . . . That's a real feather in our cap because we're the only high school in the area with an art program on this scale . . . The artists are anxious to come."

As a result of these efforts, MBA's collection of art has been expanding through the voluntary donation of works by those who have held an exhibit. The paintings and statuary scattered throughout the library attest to a cross section of modern regional skill. Moreover, the value of the pieces in a gift should climb as an artist's renown heightens. Mrs. LeQuire continues: "The only way it can go is up. What's going to happen when some of these people become famous?"

During the creation of an art exhibit artist and student make temporary contact. The artist is often engaged in arranging the pieces through the display area until a satisfactory grouping results, and the excitement as the work visibly progresses is infectious and intriguing. See, sense, experience—a unique harmony with community art is thriving. Touch it: enjoyment . . . Hold it: pleasure . . . Pick it up: contentment.

Seniors present last wills and testaments

I, Eric Anderson, do hereby leave my great shot-put throwing ability to Mr. Drake to give to whomever he deems worthy to receive it. To anyone in Mr. Poston's senior English class next year, I leave *A Handbook on How to Stay Out of Class Arguments* and *1001 Ways to Evade the Turn of the Screw*. To the members of BSP, I leave the key I used, and I do hereby leave.

I, Mike Anthony, leave with an abundance of memorable lines which I shall cherish for eternity.

I, Brian Batson, have nothing "funny" to leave anybody.

I, Dale Berry, do hereby bequeath my forever revered state of dedication to Be, of Be, and in Be to Jean-Claude Beasley, the owner of Mats Nordquist.

I, Bob Bolster, lovingly leave my bullwhip and chair to Jacques Simpson, and friends.

I, Don Bull, leave Dr. Crowell an autographed 8x19 glossy of John C. Holmes, and a plug of Red Ox Twist to Rick Jacques.

I, Steve Burch, do hereby leave to Barry Duke—one (1) Riddell super deluxe game face; to Barry Duke—the five point stance; to Danny Newman—a cup of ice; to whom it may concern—a fine attitude toward life in general and a great deal of controversy.

I, Geoffrey Chazen, being of sound mind and body, leave Joe Wood the fond memory of Vicki,

leave Andy May Joe Wood to be a faithful lackey, leave Mrs. Lowry a dung beetle, leave the debate room my painting, leave Dr. Fairbairn a non-obscene belt buckle, and leave Brad Hooker a pat on the back.

I, Les Coble, leave my reticular response to Mr. Alexander and Pre-Soccer D to David Schull.

I, Matt Cowan, leave a road map to Knoxville to next year's Merit Finalists, my C.B. radio to David Templeton, my fire extinguisher to William Morgan, my golf ability to Dr. Fairbairn, my parking space to Overton Thompson, and a \$41,580 bill to M.B.A. for my 14,884 hours on the Hill.

I, Harvey Crouch, being of sound mind, leave my questionable body to the biology lab.

I, Johnny Daniel, leave to Andy May and Ben Cohen my new at Mississippi Whiskers, to Mrs. Lowry my theme due last semester, and to Bobby Johnson my great repartee with Mrs. Hollins.

I, Leeth DePriest, being of sound mind and being loyal to company and fully committed (?) to the study of English, do hereby leave to Mr. Carter one GM repair manual for the school station wagon, knowing full well that it will soon be necessary, and to Mrs. Lowry four prime examples (to be shown to future seniors) of how not to write a thesis.

I, Trip Doss, leave the art room to David Schenker and a box of

cotton balls to the Dave Mahanes Auditory Research Center.

I, Steven Eisen, being of analytical mind and body, leave all my state championship trophies to Mr. Carter . . . and the school.

I, Charles Elliott, being of sound mind (eh, more or less) do hereby leave the following items to the following beneficiaries. To Jim Stewart, I leave my dry jokes for the preservation of misery and disgust on the Hill. To Marshall Summar, I leave my presidency of a Junior Achievement Company and hopes of attending the National Junior Achievers Conference this summer and next. To Rick Jacques and Bill Hawkins, I leave my love of good ole "kuntruh" music and my best wishes for the Grand Ole Opry. To Mr. Fairbairn, I leave a yo-yo. To Mr. Walker, I leave an automobile insurance policy. To Mrs. Mary Helen Lowry, I leave shades of lamps. To the future students of Mr. Ridgway's first period American history class, I leave a case of No-Doz and a number of trivial things, including a left-handed scissor.

I, Scott Englert, run blindly into the future only to leave the present to become the past.

I, Jim Evans, leave my keen insight into the trials and tribulations of M.B.A. basketball to Scott Kimbro, Shipley Landiss, and (gasp!) David House.

I, Michael Farmer, leave thanks and respect to Mr. Bennett and Mr. Drake for six years of friendship above and beyond the call of duty.

I, Brion Friedman, being of exhausted mind and tired body, do hereby leave my impeccable good taste in clothes to Mickey Tune, my bushy hair and spot on the Haircut Committee to whoever is smart enough to take advantage of this safe arrangement, my elusive and erratic running skills to Ed "Weeny-body" Archer, my hardcore partying spirit to anyone brave enough to handle it, my Pre-Soccer D to Alberto "The Boot" Brown, and finally my deepest admiration and gratitude to Coach D.

I, Boyd Gibbs, have to continue the battle against the Combine elsewhere.

I, Jim Gibson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath and bequest one gallon of contrast solution to Evans Lyne, my fantastic ability to translate Latin to David Schenker, and my talent for writing Latin term papers to Nelson Griswold.

I, Greg Ginn, leave M.B.A. in my kayak.

I, Jay Grannis, hereby leave little Joe Davis a six-pack of Coke and my mobile fire prevention unit.

I, Mark Green, do hereby leave M.B.A. with a reaffirmed opinion of Yankees, thanks to Gutmann, and wondering if the Hill will remain, free of erosion.

I, Elliot Greenberg, being hardly of sound mind and body after six years of this school, leave my tremendously overflowing school spirit

and devotion to Mr. Carter and the school.

I, Randy Gustafson, leave my voluminous collection of unanswered English question sheets to my brother, Rhea.

I, Kirk Gutmann, do hereby leave M.B.A. knowing that the South will never rise.

I, Tom Hannon, leave Mr. Goza the soccer nets hoping he can figure out how to use them, and figuring the Hill could use one less Hannon.

I, Rick Hardin, being of sound mind (?), do hereby leave the photography club to whoever wants it.

I, Pittman Haymore, do hereby bequeath my interest in astronomy, particularly of the moon, to William Dudley Morgan, and to Dr. Crowell I leave a bottle of Geritol and a bottle of chrome polish. I also leave my memorable times in Nashville and my familiarity with the Metro Police Department to anyone foolish enough to accept them, and to whoever does, I also leave my box of absentee excuses for Mondays and this phone number: 297-7006.

I, John Hill, leave M.B.A. hopefully because I have finally attained a goal upon which my eyes have been set for many years, yet sadly because my beloved days on the Hill (pun) have come to an end. I also leave to Barry Duke and Danny Newman the job of keeping one Deborah Ezell happy, safe and single.

I, Bradford Hooker, don't really have anything anybody else would want, but I am beginning to believe that M.B.A. is a microcosm of the heaven and hell of the outside competitive world.

I, Phil Howell, give all my jokes to Jim Stewart 'pun leaving M.B.A.

I, Wayne Hucaby, do gratefully leave the darkroom to Evans Lyne, the videotape machine to Shiple Landiss (complete with long extension cord) and Friday nights after basketball games to Scot Kimbro.

I, Mike Huddleston, leave as fast as I can.

I, Davidson Hutton, do hereby leave my sleepless Thursdays and schoolless Fridays to Mr. Carter and the school.

I, David Allen Jones, being of sound mind and somewhat sound body, do hereby bequeath the following: my irrelevant questions to get Coach Drake of the subject to next year's AP American history class, my worn out seat on the bench in the senior-faculty game to David "Mad Bomber" Schull, my enthusiasm at basketball games to little Johnnie Hannon, my natural curly hair to Chuck Lassing and an unused French III book to "Mommie" Hollins.

I, Harvey Kirkpatrick, bequeath the following: the book *How to Be Subtly Obnoxious* to Kevin Harkey; a set of guitar strings to Brian Kurtz, my proficiency in the decathlon to Doug Derryberry and Mr. Drake (who will have no use for it) and one life-sized stuffed

wombat to Mr. Carter and the school.

I, Randy Lea, do hereby leave a copy of the Franklin beer laws to Russ Weatherford, a lifetime supply of dynamites to John Olive, and to Mr. Compton I leave a two-week vacation at Aquaworld.

I, Henry Lipscomb, leave my chalk-throwing accuracy to Gage Whittier and Bobby Johnson, my chalk to Mr. Compton, my No. 1 ranking in 6th period quarter hockey to Albert Brown, and my 18 points in the senior-faculty game to be divided equally among Mr. Medlin, Mr. Harkey, and Mr. Ramsey in next year's game.

I, John Lockyer, leave my broad-jumper reputation to any prospective junior who needs a sexually inflated ego.

I, Guy McClure, leave Mr. Compton a smoke-ring machine so that he will quit practicing.

I, Fred McLaughlin, leave the Hill barefooted and freed.

I, Ben May, do hereby leave my red game shoes, which for some strange reason do not appear to have too many miles on 'em, to the basketball program.

I, Justin Milam, do hereby bequeath the following: a thirty dollar moving bill to Dr. Fairbairn; a cold towel for Joe's head; and a week's vacation in Chattanooga to Collins, Armour, and friends.

I, Wink Neal, gladly leave first period regular American history class to No-Doz Inc. and I hope I've left Po's 7th period "English class"?"

I, Don Orr, leave John McWhirter my flashlight, Greg Simpson my love for training rules, Ralph Moore my prejudices, and Mrs. Lowry my little blue box.

I, Michael O'Shea, leave, knowing that I successfully tricked everyone into thinking that I was Skip Woolwine.

I, Jerry Patterson, leave the following: A map of the state of Iowa and a bottle of Excedrin to Coach Buck; my left ankle to David House for further experimentation; six weeks of physics notes to Dr. Crowell; Goodlettsville to Head and Mouse; my bat to Tim Owen and my unused glove to Coach Ramsey; my awesome height to Jerry Jordan; my uncanny sense of direction to the Stratford crew (Duke, Brown and Tom); my gas bill to Gail Baker and Robert Holland, and the weight off my shoulders to Allen Reasons.

I, Bob Philp, leave Mr. Ridgway a bowl of my favorite.

I, Chan Preston, leave to Dr. Crowell my copious sideburns, to Mr. Alexander my one-week science project, and finally I leave Nashville for the serenity of Franklin.

I, Jeff Rappuhn, leave nothing at all to Jack Mitchell, my "affection" for summer football practice to Danny Newman and Mickey Tune, a pair of barber scissors to Jack (Continued on page 9)



Next year's editors from left to right:
Front row: Bill Collins, Andy May, Ben Cohen, and Charles Sawyers.
Back row: Ike Simon, Kim Justice, Mark Armour, Jeff Glezer, John Hannon, and Overton Thompson.

New editors selected

The Bell Ringer
Co-Editors

Feature Editor

News Editor

Arts Editor

Business Manager

The Bell

Editor-in-Chief

Managing Editor

Business Manager

Xanadu

Editor

Junior Editor

Ben Cohen
Bill Collins
Andy May

Mark Armour

Ike Simon

John Hannon

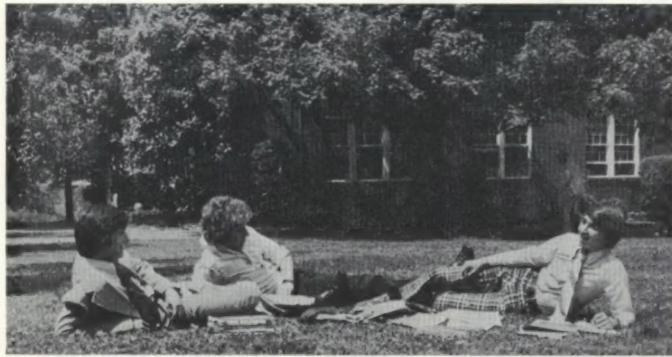
Charles Sawyers

Jeff Glezer

Overton Thompson

Bill Collins

Kim Justice



Freddy McLaughlin, Brion Friedman, and Jerry Patterson contemplate the future and their impending graduation.

Last wills and testaments concluded

(Continued from page 8)

Patterson, and my privilege to sleep on the Trophy Room couches during first period to whomever Mr. Carter chooses.

I, John Rebrivick, leave happily ever after.

I, Bill Rich, leave my superior pass coverage in the Ryan football games to Coach Ridgway, Coach Ramsey, and Raymond Lackey.

I, Jay Richards, being of ex-hausted mind and body, do hereby leave my vacant seat in assemblies to be auctioned off to next year's senior class, my private table at lunch to John Beasley, and my sideburns to Dr. Crowell.

I, Wilson Robinson, leave M.B.A. a smile, something it could greatly use.

I, Harry Rowland, after having given \$8,000 to this school thereby retaining only sound body and sound mind? have nothing left to give.

I, Bill Smith, being of sound mind and body, leave my chess set to Barry Duke and Danny Newman; a green and gold donkey to Jack Robinson, all my English notes to Gage (The Scholar) Whittier; all my hustle to Chris Klausner; Allen Reasons alone; and LTD attitude to Mickey Tune; a short pier to Hue Novak; nothing to Kirk Norling; Greg Simpson to John McWhirter; all the luck in the world to Wade; and M.B.A., never to return again.

I, Lon Tenison, leave my track speed to "Blaze" Simpson, my "stuff" to Danny Newman and

Montgomery Bell Academy restates its open admissions policy. Applicants are considered on the basis of academic ability and previous school record, regardless of race, creed, or color. Applications are available at the school office. Telephone: 298-5514.

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Barry Duke, and my love of Ryan and Bellevue to "Ruff" Moore and "Dillinger" McWhirter.

I, Bobby Thym, the one and only SOMF do hereby leave my ability to give nicknames to Snell, Big Boy and the 440 Boy; and I leave my innate and sometimes profound ability to express myself on a tennis court to David B. Templeton.

I, Charles Weesner, leave my raffanning to Marshall Summar and Mark Richardson.

I, Oman Weiland, do hereby leave the following: Vanderbilt to Belmont, pork chops to Galt Baker, the three-hole punch to Mrs. Garriot, my surprise to Lushion, and the Hill to "Hot Lana."

I, Clay Whitson, hereby hand over the presidency of the "Late Themes Firm" to whoever is irresponsible enough to assume leadership—unless, of course, V.P. Rich is still around to take over.

I, Carter Williams, being perfectly healthy and therefore firmly convinced that I am not going to die, leave no last will and testament.

I, Chip Williams, leave my books and Red Man to Rick Jacques and Bill Hawkins and the privilege to roam campus at will to Ralph Moore and Greg Simpson, and my basketball ability to M.B.A.

I, Pat Winsett, do hereby leave! (hopefully).

I, Ken Witt, do hereby bequeath the following: all my unsold lab reports to Dr. Crowell; an eight month's supply of granglais to Mrs. Bowers; a sprained ankle, to be

shared by Greer Bogle and Jeff Glezer; some extra knee-lift and a tube of Brylcreem to Mr. Hayley; a half a second and three dozen rolls of tape to Mr. Drake; and to Andy, Ben, Bill, et. al., I leave the unwelcome task of improving upon perfection.

I, Kirk Witt, leave my Chazen imitation to Joe Wood, my ability to say "Howdy Rick" to Ike Simon, my French class apathy to Eric Deeter, my "Golden Arm" to my good buddy Barry Duke, and, finally, I leave stunned.

I, Skip Woolwine, leave Curt Cole all my Yukon Jack empties; the blame for egging the B.G.A. bus to whoever it was who framed me; to Mr. Caldwell the knowledge that life is a solid-gold weekend; to Mr. Alexander, a sense of humor; and finally to Jody Daniel, I leave Charlie Abernathy's ability to be absent from the library and not get demerits.

I, Steve Zager, being of sound mind and large body, do hereby bequeath to my cousin, one Timex wristwatch; to Joe Wood, a bottle of Dramamines; to Mrs. LeQuire, a sculptured cow patte; to Mrs. Ridgway, Michael Knish; and I leave Hooker to run for reelection with a pat on the back. Finally, being Jewish, I take back all of the above.

Country Joe scores success

(Continued from page 6)

Country Joe McDonald, certainly not a country music singer, has released a unique album entitled *Paradise With an Ocean View*. This album displays a wide variety of songs, ranging from religious to humorous to more laid-back tunes; and the continuity of the album remains intact, since a relaxing feeling pervades most of the songs.

"Holy Roller" tells of the reform of a hippie bum: "Since I found religion, my new life has begun." This tune, featuring a strong electric guitar, irreverently concludes with "Religion has set me free—Goddamn." "Lost My Connection" is an attempt at hard rock which fails miserably; not much can be discerned other than the title. "Save the Whales!" receiving some FM play, features a good acoustic opening; and the sound effects are skillfully mixed in to enhance the

effect. Country Joe speaks of a time "when there were no whales to save," and he protests against the modern whaling industry: "Whaling's not what it used to be."

The laid-back effect is epitomized in "Oh, Jamaica," a very fine cut in which the bass, keyboards, and guitars complement each other well and which describe the island as sounding "like a hippy's dream." "Breakfast for Two," slower-paced compared to the rest of the cuts, reflects a bluesy quality.

This album is characteristic of the new type of music that is becoming popular today: the tendency to get away from hard rock and to revert to a softer means of expression. Incidentally, Country Joe is no newcomer. Remember Woodstock? He was then known as Country Joe and the Fish. The fact that Country Joe is so easy to listen to should stimulate a greater following for his future albums.

See Bill Carpenter at



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Spring squads enjoy success

The MBA spring sports program finished its season somewhat successfully by winning third in the NIL in golf, first in the NIL in tennis, third in the district in track, and third in the NIL in baseball.

GOLF

Undefeated in NIL play, the golf team concluded the year with second-place wins in both the district and the division and a third-place showing in the NIL tournament.

Although the team played just as well as in past years, with seven golfers in the low 40's, tough competition caused the team ranking in the state to go down. However, faced with the loss of only one senior, the team will return in strength next year, headed by Danny Newman, who qualified for the regional championships this year, and team captain Grady Burris.



William Morgan sinks putt during match with Overton.

Under the leadership of Coach James Poston, the tennis team finished the season with an 18-3 record, winning first in the NIL (which MBA has done for 31 of 32 years now) by beating Lipscomb 8-1.

The team's only losses were to Murfreesboro-Oakland twice and Baylor once. However, in the Baylor match, freshman David Templeton upset Baylor's number one player Joel Mulkin 6-3, 6-2.

Faced with tough competition, David Templeton ended the year with a 9-5 record; Bill Calton with an 11-1 record; Bobby Thym, 10-3; Charles Sawyers, 11-2; and Ross Evans, 8-2. The team will lose only three seniors this year and promises to do equally well next year.

TRACK

Despite discouraging early losses, the Varsity track team recovered to win third in the district.

In the Baylor Relays, inspired by Coaches Mike Drake and Sid Hively, the distance medley relay team of John Rebrovick, Greer Bogle, Jeff Glezner, and Ken Witt placed second with a time ten seconds faster than the school record. In the same meet Ken Witt ran third in the mile.

In the Banner Relays, Witt ran third in the mile and two-mile, bettering the school record in the mile. In the District, the mile relay team of Greer Bogle, Hal West, Clay Whitton, and John Rebrovick won first.

Outstanding performers for the year include Ken Witt in the mile and two-mile, Billy Anderson in distances, Greer Bogle in the 440 and 880, John Rebrovick in the 440, Ralph Moore in the discus, sophomores Marcel Hawiger in the 880, hurdles, and high jump, Ed Archer and Jimmy O'Neill in distances, Bill Crenshaw in the sprints, and Jack Patterson in the hurdles.



Gage Whittier hurls fastball in victory over North.

TENNIS

After disappointing early season losses to Pearl and Bellevue, the baseball team came back to end the season with a record of 12-6, placing third in the NIL.

Superb pitching by Mike Ralston, who was selected All-NIL, Tom Tillman, and freshman Barry Ralston combined with the offensive and defensive capabilities of Steve Burch, Bill Smith, Barry Duke, John Hill, Robert Holland, Hue Novak, and Tim Owen to produce victories.

Coach Jim Jefferson believes that MBA has a young team that will continue to improve as it gets more experience.

BASEBALL



Beasley and Reasons anticipate their leadership roles.

Council officers elected

Elections for Student Council and Honor Council representatives for next year's Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes were held during the first two weeks of May. Freshman and Junior School officers will be elected at the beginning of next year.

The following students were elected:

Student Council

Seniors

President: Lyle Beasley
Vice-President: Prude Scanlan
Secretary: Jeff Glezner
Treasurer: John Claybrook

Honor Council

Seniors

President: Allen Reasons
Vice-President: Charles Sawyers
Secretary: Albert Brown
Treasurer: Mickey Tune

Juniors

President: Paul Stumb
Vice-President: Mark Sullivan
Secretary: Ed Archer
Treasurer: Steve Wallace

Juniors

Representatives: Chris Milam
Galt Baker
Bob Russell

Sophomores

President: Erich Groos
Vice-President: Scott Riegle
Secretary: Bennett White
Treasurer: Ross Evans

Sophomores

Representatives: Porter Durham
Craig Stewart

Seniors set college choices

This year, three fourths of the graduating class decided to go to college in the South, with about one half of these students staying in Tennessee.

Twenty-two percent of the seniors elected to go to Vanderbilt, 13% to Tennessee, and 8% to Sewanee. However, 13% of the seniors will go North to college, and only 3% will go West.

In all, the MBA students will be spread over 35 colleges. The selections are as follows:

Vanderbilt—17: Mike Anthony, Bob Bolster, Steve Burch, Johnny Daniel, Leeth Depriest, Greg Ginn, Randy Gustafson, Tom Koenig, Henry Lipscomb, Guy McClure,

Don Orr, Jerry Patterson, Chan Preston, Mike Ralston, Jay Richards, Chip Williams and Skip Woolwine in Tennessee.

University of Tennessee—10: Eric Anderson, Don Bull, Matt Cowan, John Gillum, Mark Green, Pittman Haymore, Mike Huddleson, Lon Tenison, Pat Winsett and Gordon Wynn.

University of the South—6: Dale Berry, Boyd Gibbs, John Hill, Randy Lea, Freddy McLaughlin and Bob Philp.

University of North Carolina—3: Scott Englert, Tom Hannon and David Jones.

Auburn—2: Jim Evans and Wayne Hucaby.

Georgia Tech—2: Rick Hardin and Oman Weiland.

Tennessee Tech—2: Harvey Crouch and Jay Grannis.

Virginia—2: Brion Friedman and Jeff Rappuhn.

Tulane—2: Mike Farmer and Kirk Witt.

Others—28: University of Alabama, Bill Rich.

Amherst, Geoffrey Chazen.

Arkansas, Ron Luplow.

Baylor, Harry Rowland.

Beloit, Jim Gibson.

Brown, John Rebrovick.

David Lipscomb, Charles Elliott.

Duke, Justin Milam.

Emory, Steve Zager.

University of Florida, Elliott Greenberg.

Furman, Harvey Kirkpatrick.

Georgia, Bobby Thym.

Harvard: Ken Witt.

Lehigh University, Charles Weesner.

LSU, Clint Regen.

MIT, Phil Howell.

Northwestern, Steve Eisen.

Princeton, Brad Hooker.

Purdue, Kirk Gutmann.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Brian Batson.

Rice, Trip Doss.

SMU, Wilson Robinson.

Williams, Carter Williams.

Wisconsin, Davidson Hutton.

Yale, Ben May.

Geographical distribution: Tennessee, 37 or 48%; South, 58 or 75%; North, 10 or 13% and West, 2 or 3%.

News capsules

TOTOMOI TAPPING

During the spring tapping, six seniors were inducted into Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity, for their various achievements at the school. The new members are Jerry Patterson, Ken Witt, Oman Weiland, Steven Eisen, Freddy McLaughlin, and Bradford Hooker.

The proceedings were conducted by Mr. Jay Ramsey, John Rebrovick, and Morgan Crawford.

NEW CHEERLEADERS

The new cheerleaders for 1976-1977 are Beverly Ford, Carol Grant, Libby Evans, Deborah Ezell, and

Joanna Jones, John Claybrook, Jody Macey, Mike Cherneau, Alan Moore, Felix Wilson, and Bobby Johnson. Returning for their second year will be John Hannon, Terri Welch, and Claire Miller.

AWARDS

Several awards have been recently awarded to MBA students. Jerry Patterson won a citizenship award from the Sons of the American Revolutionaries, Porter Durham won the Civitan Citizenship award, and Ken Witt was named as a Most Valuable Staffer, an award given to high school journalists, by the *Banner*.

MICROBE BASEBALL

The microbe baseball team ended its season with a 4-1 record, the one loss keeping them from the conference championship. Outstanding players were Freddy Horton, pitcher and batter, and Tom Moore, shortstop and batter.

MICROBE TENNIS

The microbe tennis team finished the year undefeated in regular play and winning the HVAC tournament. Murray Hatcher, Everett James, and Joe Davis won the number one, two, and three singles in the tournament.